

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT.

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No. 30

CAPT. ROWLAND'S LIFE'S VOYAGE ENDED

Had Sailed Many Seas, Served His Country At Home And Abroad--Masons Conduct Burial in Cloverport Cemetery.

END COMES QUIETLY

Into the valley of the shadow of death Capt. Rowland was taken Thursday night. His life's voyage ended at half past eight o'clock. He had been ill for several months and before Christmas he went to Martinsville, Ind., to be treated for rheumatism. Instead of the trip improving his condition, he came home very much weaker and in a few days had paralysis of the motion, losing control of his lower limbs. Capt. Rowland suffered intensely, death was a sweet relief to him and it came quietly and peacefully.

The funeral was held from the home at 2:30 o'clock Friday afternoon, the Rev. Mr. James H. Walker officiated. Miss Margaret Burn, Miss Georgia White, Misses Eva and Eliza May and Mr. John Burn sang Lead Kindly Light, What A Friend We Have In Jesus and Rock Of Ages, the favorite songs of Capt. Rowland. The burial was conducted by the Masons, the ceremonies being lead by Mr. Leonard Oelze.

Capt. Rowland leaves his wife and one niece, Mrs. William Clark and one grand niece, Mrs. Raphael Smith, of Owensboro, who attended the funeral. He also leaves number of nieces and nephews by marriage. To them and many of their young friends he was always "Uncle Rowland." Nearly a quarter of a century of his life was spent in Cloverport. Eight years he was postmaster, and during the last three years he had a position at the J. H. & St. L. shops, from which a beautiful floral offering was sent and during his illness the men there were exceedingly thoughtful of him.

The life of Capt. Rowland was an interesting one. He joined the navy when he was fourteen years old and served as Lieutenant Commander in the Civil War. He sailed the broad seas and visited many foreign nations during his service for his own country.

In speaking of his life the Rev. Mr. Walker said: "John Henry Rowland was born in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, January 14, 1842. He married Miss Kate Babbage February 26, 1886. His characteristics were a bright intellect and courtesy. He was always courteous and his cordiality was a source of great pleasure to his friends." He added other words that recalled fond remembrances to his family and friends.

The little boy who called at the home Friday and asked: "Is Capt. Rowland here?" went away heart broken. His good, kind friend was gone.

Pledge 1,100 Acres For Orchards.

Hardin county farmers have pledged 1,100 acres for orchards and Commissioner of Agriculture Newman, Prof. D. Smith, of the Eastern State Normal, and President Barker, of State University, will go there January 29 to organize an association among the land-owners of Muldraugh Hills. They will grow the Yellow Transparent variety, which matures in June, after the winter apple supply is nearly exhausted and before the early November apples are ripe. There is said to be an insatiable demand for this variety, and these hills are the natural home of the Yellow Transparent.

Buying Mules By The Pound.

W. R. Routh bought four head of mules from Wm. Bland and Sam Glasscock last week at 19 cents per pound. Mr. Routh previously purchased them at a certain amount per head, but finally bought them by the pound, losing \$3.33 by the latter deal.—Etnow Mirror.

Called To See Their Father.

Mr. and Mrs. John Graham, of Louisville, and Mrs. William Minute, of Owensboro, arrived Sunday to be with their father, Mr. Price Graham, who is ill.

A Shelf of Cans.

The can that gives light? Candle--the can that is sweet? Candy--The can that is truthful? Candid--The can

that you can eat? Gantelope--The can that is a city? Canton--The can that can erase? Cancel--The can spanning a river? Cantilever--The can that is a pace? Canter--The can that is a savage? Cannibal--A way for a boat? Canal--A can that is a country? Canada--And one that will float? Cano--One useful in warfare? Cannon--A dreadful disease? Cancer--And one that can warble with sweetness and ease? Canary.

Mr. Dean's Announcement.

Mr. George F. Dean recently associated with The Blaine-Thompson Company, Cincinnati, and previously with the J. Walter Thompson Company, New York, Advertising Agencies and for more than twenty years Systematizer; Sales Manager and Advertising Manager; announces his connection with the firm of Sherman and Wright Specialists in Sales Expansion Methods. First National Bank Building, Pittsburgh, where his peculiar talents will be available in the future to all clients.—January 25, 1913.

This announcement brings pleasure to the Cloverport friends of Mr. Dean. It is gratifying to hear of a "home boy" making good in the big business enterprises of the commercial world.

A Little Child Dies.

Morgan Shearn, the seven-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Shearn, of Skillman, died Sunday. The body was brought here for burial Monday.

DUNK POWELL

Killed at Glen Dean Monday by Falling From His Horse--Neck Broken--Well Known Man.

The body of Dunk Powell was found on the road Monday evening about one-half mile from Glen Dean by Dr. P. E. Dempster.

The neck was broken and death had occurred probably two hours before the body was found at 7:30 o'clock.

A coroner's jury was summoned by Justice B. A. Whittinghill and after an examination it was declared that death had resulted from being thrown from his horse.

It was thought when the body was found that death had resulted from foul play at the hands of some one, but on examination, no bruises or injuries were found except a dislocation of the vertebra at the base of the skull.

Dunk was last seen at Glen Dean about 5 o'clock in the afternoon when he went away in company with D. B. Clark.

The body was taken to the home of his parents at Glen Dean and his family notified of the accident. He was in Hardinsburg in company with his father Monday morning, leaving here on the noon train. He was about 35 years of age and leaves a wife and several children.—Hardinsburg Leader.

James Kasey Dead.

Mr. James Kasey died at his home near the Short Line railroad, at 6 o'clock Tuesday morning. His body was brought to the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. W. Allen. Mr. Kasey had been ill for some time. He was about seventy years of age.

Called to Leavenworth.

Mr. Sam Conrad was called to Leavenworth, Ind., Tuesday morning on account of the death of his father.

Radiograms.

Messages sent and received by what is called wireless telegraphy are hereafter to be "radiograms" to the navy department. The word is certainly an improvement on the clumsy "wireless," but it is not particularly good, since radiation is by no means peculiar to this form of communication.

Indeed, there is some excuse for denying that in it there are any "rays" at all, in the sense commonly given to that term.

"Telegrams," as originally sent, really were written from a distance, but in the new process the man who sends the message creates no record of it at the point of receiving, and he is therefore hardly a "radiographer," and no more is the man who takes the sounds he hears and records them as letters.

"Radiogram" is too obviously a mere adoption of "telegram." The two processes have little in common, and though both make use of electricity, the nature of the uses is entirely different. At least it seems to be; nobody knows very clearly what is done in either case.

The company has decided to name the shade of silk melrose in honor of Miss Wilson.

Miss Wilson is said to have accepted the dress from the Norfolk concern because she wanted to pay a compliment to her father's native State.

HELEN GOULD BRIDE OF FINLEY J. SHEPARD

Only 100 Guests Present For The Simple Ceremony--Gives Dinner To The "Bread Liners" Of Bowery Mission On Wedding Day.

Miss Helen Miller Gould, the world's greatest woman philanthropist, was married to Finley J. Shepard, of St. Louis, last Wednesday at her home, Lyndhurst, in New York. The wedding was very quiet and simple, there being only 100 guests present, who were relatives of the bride and groom. The house was artistically decorated in American Beauties, white roses and potted plants that came from the bride's own conservatory. Miss Gould had all the employees from her Fifth Avenue home and those at Lyndhurst, even to the man who tended the cows in the pasture, who was 62 years old, to see her married. They stood in the hallway and saw as much as the big folks, later they were each given an envelope containing a bank note. The bride's wedding gown was of duchess ivory satin with a three and a half yard train. It was trimmed in rose point lace and seed pearls. The veil was attached to her hair with a bunch of orange blossoms and extended the length of her train. She wore a string of pearls, an heirloom of her mother's, which encircled a diamond pendant with an almost invisible platinum chain, a gift of Mr. Shephard. The bride carried lilies of the valley. Her only attendants were her two little nieces, Helen and Dorothy Gould, who acted as flower girls. Mr. Louis Shepard was best man for his brother. Mr. and Mrs. Shepard did not leave immediately on their wedding trip, but will go later to Europe. When they return they will make their home at Lyndhurst and Mrs. Shepard will continue her life work.

In the midst of her many duties in preparing for her wedding Miss Gould had time to think of others. She wanted to do something for Bowery Mission in New York, so she gave to the "Bread Liners" a feast on her wedding night. There were 2,000 hungry mouths fed and as many hearts made glad by the beautiful act of this noble woman. Mrs. Shepard was the recipient of many handsome wedding presents, numbers of them being from Y. M. C. A.'s Railroad, army and navy men, who wished to express their gratitude for the kindness she had done them.

Card of Thanks.

Mrs. J. H. Rowland is deeply grateful to all friends, neighbors and the Masons for their kindness during the illness of Capt. Rowland. She is greatly appreciative of the thoughtfulness and attention given him by the men at the Henderson Route shops.

Marriage Licenses.

Fony Pryor and Vinnie Salmon, Dennis I. Soper and Nevada Robbins, Hiram S. Wood and Lattie Allen, Owen Masterson and Minnie Agnes, Hubert Elder and Dossie Beavin, Allen Bandy and Nannie L. Payne.

\$650 GOWN

Miss Eleanor Wilson is Given An American Beauty Rose Color Dress to Wear at Her Father's Inauguration.

When President-elect Woodrow Wilson is inaugurated in March his daughter, Miss Eleanor Wilson, will wear a dress made from silk manufactured in Norfolk.

A silk dress was offered to Miss Wilson in November when her father was elected President and she was asked to designate the shade she desired. She chose the outside petal of an American Beauty rose and the dress is now being made in New York. It will cost \$650 and will be delivered early in February. The dress will be placed on exhibition in a department store in Norfolk before it is sent to Miss Wilson.

The company has decided to name the shade of silk melrose in honor of Miss Wilson.

Miss Wilson is said to have accepted the dress from the Norfolk concern because she wanted to pay a compliment to her father's native State.

DEATH DUE TO APoplexy

Rev. Thos. V. Joiner, Noted Methodist Minister, Never Regained Consciousness.

BURIAL WAS AT HARTFORD

The funeral of the Rev. Thomas V. Joiner, who died at his home in Hartford on Wednesday afternoon, following a stroke of apoplexy, which occurred early in the day, was conducted from the Baptist church in Hartford at 2 o'clock this afternoon, with services by Rev. J. S. Thompson, the presiding elder, assisted by Rev. C. M. Wimberly. The interment was in the Hartford cemetery, and was attended by a large number of friends of the deceased.

Thomas Joiner was one of the best known and beloved Methodist ministers in this section of the state. He was 58 years old, and born in Trigg county. For the past 30 years he had devoted his life to the ministry, his first charge being at Livermore, McLean county, which included Pleasant Ridge church in Daviess county. He has also had charge of other pastorates in this section, and at the time of his death was serving his second appointment at the Methodist church in Hartford.

Rev. Joiner was in the very best of health when death overtook him. He was sitting in a chair Wednesday morning about 7 o'clock when he suffered a stroke of apoplexy, rendering him unconscious. He was placed on a bed by his family, and he died at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, never regaining consciousness.

Rev. Joiner is survived by his wife, who was formerly Miss Eufauia Harris, sister of Dr. S. J. Harris, of Philpot, and seven children, as follows: Eugene J. Joiner, of Reynolds, Ga., who was at his father's bedside at the time of his death; Robert and James Clinton Joiner, and Misses Mary and Margaret Joiner, the latter two teaching school at Madisonville, and Samuel J. and Emma Franklin, who reside with their parents.—Owensboro Inquirer.

Honesty and Integrity Wins.

At the organization of the County Democratic Committee last Monday good, common business sense was used in the selection of the Chairman. Mr. J. Sam Gregory, who was selected to fill that post, has served for the past four years with good judgment and in integrity in the position of Chairman. This wisdom displayed by him in the exercise of the duties of his office has won for him the confidence of every man and strengthened the party. He possesses that true judgment and keen foresight that is so necessary for the success of the party.—Clarion.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

Every teacher was present Sunday. The attendance was 131, and the collections \$4.88. At the close of the school Supt. Lightfoot said: "We always have a good school when the teachers are all present."

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A month of the quarter has passed and some of the home department workers have not made the canvass to get the reports of last quarter and to distribute literature for the present quarter. Let all those who have not done so, please get the literature next Sunday or tonight at prayer meeting and distribute it at once.

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On account of ill health and the plan to leave Cloverport, Mrs. Heyser resigned her place as teacher of the Ladies' Bible Class, (the T. E. L. Class.) The class regrets exceedingly the loss of her as teacher, for she filled the place faithfully and well. Mrs. Mattingly, the assistant teacher of the class, felt that her health would not permit her to become the regular teacher, so Mr. R. L. Oelze has been placed in charge of that class as the permanent teacher. He entered upon his duties last Sunday. He hopes to see the class regain rapidly what it has lost in the last few Sundays in not having a regular teacher.

On next Sunday at the close of the school diplomas will be delivered to Mrs. E. F. Boyd, Mrs. L. V. Chapin, Mrs. C. W. Hamman and Mr. Carl Lishen, all of whom have finished the first book in the teachers' training course. Seals will be delivered to those who have finished book two and have not received

their seals. The class in book six are urged to turn in their work as rapidly as possible. On next Sunday afternoon a class will start in book seven, "The Heart of the Old Testament," and the wish of the pastor that a large number will take this book whether they have taken any of the other books or not. This book will be exceedingly interesting and profitable just now as the lessons this year are in the Old Testament.

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All the members have not received their envelopes for the year yet, but notwithstanding this fact, the offerings for January were the best since September for local purposes. The offerings for benevolence were very small. It is expected that with the aid of the Duplex Envelopes the finances will show a marked improvement.

Undergoes Operation.

Mrs. Silas Miller underwent a minor operation in Hardinsburg last week. It was performed by Dr. Kincheloe and his son, Dr. John Kincheloe. Mrs. Miller's friends are certainly glad to know that she will be well as soon as can be expected:

Lovely Mother Home.

Mrs. J. C. Weatherholt has returned home from Louisville where she had her ear operated on at St. Joseph's Infirmary. Mrs. Weatherholt is very optimistic and expects to be well soon. She was accompanied home by her niece, Miss Stella Weatherholt.

Following is a list of jurors summoned for February term of circuit court which convenes at Hardinsburg Monday, February 10:

Grand Jury—Frank Dean, Chas. A. Adkisson, Gilbert Kasey, John P. Garner, Moses G. Payne, Bob Norton, Thos. N. Dyer, Warfield Hendrick, C. W. Moorman, Con Mattingly, Mat Shrewsbury, Louis O. Bradley, Jas. W. Miller, Jeff D. Owen, J. R. Watlington, W. E. Mannig, C. A. Penick, Napoleon Brumfield, Ezra Tucker, Ezra Dowell, Peter Macey, John D. Aldridge, G. F. Bandy, Thos. J. Harrington.

Petit Jurors—G. O. Bailey, Chas. Fisher, Silas Miller, Wm. Cannon, Abe Meador, Hubert DeJarnette, W. H. Dowell, Ovie Board, Thos. H. Chancellor, Beavin Tucker, Ed Cannon, W. C. Moorman, Alton Clemons, Chas. L. Brington, W. J. Schopp, Crawford Beauchamp, Chas. Deane, Richard Cook, H. G. Vessels, N. L. Gilland, D. S. Miller, Levi Chancellor, Hardin O. Bennett, L. H. Hudson, Everett Lewis, Pat Keenan, F. C. Armstrong, Minor P. Payne, Allie Pate, Guy Hart, Jno. Alexander, Jr., Thos. J. Spradlin, Chas. Clark, W. L. Basham, Bourbon Robbins and Orville Frank.

Pierce-McCoy.

Mr. Wm. T. McCoy, of Cloverport, and Miss Elizabeth L. Pierce, of Indianapolis, were married at the First Methodist church by the Rev. J. H. Peters, on January 5, at Indianapolis. The bride and groom are both well known in and about Indianapolis. Mr. and Mrs. McCoy decided to spend their honeymoon visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mullen and other relatives of this city. Mr. and Mrs. McCoy will also make this their home, but Mr. McCoy is engaged in business of which will take a great deal of his time in Indianapolis and other points of Indiana. While Mrs. McCoy has done considerable traveling, but this being her first visit to this State, says she is very much delighted with the picturesque scenery and hospitable people.

For Sale--House and Lot

A two-story, 10-room house and lot 255 feet front, running back 155 feet; well located. The building is brand new, just built; heated by hot air; basement 14x22 feet; good cistern, coal house, hen house, wood shed and an ideal garden spot. It is now used as a private boarding house and doing a good business. The owner desires to sell on account of ill health of his wife. This property is in the live and growing town of Irvington. For price and terms write

JNO. D. BABBAGE,
Cloverport, Ky.

Little Son Arrives.

Announcement has been received here of the arrival of a son at the home of Rev. B. M. Currie and Mrs. Currie, of Central City.

TALKING MOVIES

Will Be the Latest Invention of Thomas A. Edison--Talking Motion Pictures Have Been the Work of 37 Years.

Thomas A. Edison is indeed a wizard. In an interview with the New York representative of the Denver News, Mr.

Beard's Tenth Semi-Annual Red Tag Sale



Wednesday,
Thursday,
Friday and
Saturday

FEB. 5, 6, 7, 8

Wednesday,
Thursday,
Friday and
Saturday

We Have The Goods; You Need Them; Now is The Time to Buy!

THIS our Tenth Semi-Annual Red Tag Sale will bring joy to our many customers and friends. It comes at a time when the economical house-wife, the man who wants to save money on his purchases and every one who appreciates genuine bargains, needs the merchandise we are going to sacrifice. We have made our legitimate profit on what goods we sold early in the season and will place on sale every article in our store at Red Tag Prices. Every department can supply your wants; goods are assembled wherever you look and marked at prices that tempt you to buy. Sale starts on Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8 o'clock sharp and lasts four (4) days. Special one-hour sales morning and afternoon. Everything sold for cash. No brass or rebate tickets taken in exchange for goods at Red Tag Prices. Produce will be bought during sale for which cash at market prices will be paid. EXTRA SALESPEOPLE TO HELP WAIT ON THE CROWDS.

Clothing and Men's Furnishings Excellent, Reliable Brand and Sincerity Clothes

We have placed a big price ticket with a little price on every suit and overcoat in the house.

Red Tag Specials

Half Price Men's Suits **Half Price**
One lot Men's suits for quick disposal at half their value. Assortment consists of staple patterns, one suit each of pattern; sizes 36 to 40; Red Tag Price, one-half regular price:

Extra Special

\$18 Suits, Red Tag Price... \$11.98
\$15 Suits, Red Tag Price... 9.98
\$12.50 Suits, Red Tag Price... 7.49
\$10.00 Suits, Red Tag Price... 6.98
This assortment includes suits selected from regular stock. One or two suits of a pattern. If you are looking for a good suit for a low price, here's your opportunity

Odd Pants

If you need a pair of pants buy them now and save money. \$5.00 pants Red Tag Price... \$3.98
\$4.00 pants Red Tag Price... 3.19
\$3.00 pants Red Tag Price... 2.25

Neckwear Bargains

50c Neckwear, Red Tag Price 39c
25c and 35c Neckwear, Red Tag Price... 19c

Swann Hats

All sizes and styles for all purposes
\$3.00 Hats, Red Tag Price... \$2.29
\$2.50 Hats, Red Tag Price... 1.98
\$1.50 Hats, Red Tag Price... 1.19
\$1.25 Hats, Red Tag Price... .98

Flyer in Underwear

\$1.00 Wrights Underwear, Red Tag Price... .50
Heavy and light weight garments, wool and cotton flannel, regular \$1.00 garments.

Cluett and Famous Shirts

\$1.50 Cluett Shirts, Red Tag

Red Tag Specials

Nickles and Dimes do Work of Dollars Here

Extra Special for Wed. Feb. 5th

10c Each From 10 to 11 a. m. 10c Each
72 pieces of Enamelware, China and Glassware; regular 25c to 50c values; Red Tag Price, each... 10c
Not more than one piece to a customer.

Extra Special for Thurs. Feb. 6th

10 Cakes 25c 10 to 11 a. m. 10 Cakes 25c
Big Deal, Lenox, Clean Easy Soap; Red Tag Price
10 Cakes for... 25c
Not more than 25c worth to a customer

5 Pounds Soda 5c From 2 to 3 p. m. 5 Pounds Soda 5c

Keg Soda, Red Tag Price, 5 pounds, not more than 5 pounds to a customer, for... 5c

Extra Special for Friday, Feb. 7th

20 Pounds \$1 From 10 to 11 a. m. 20 Pounds \$1
20 pounds Granulated Sugar; Red Tag Price, 20 pounds for... \$1.00
Not more than 20 pounds to a customer.

From 2 to 3 p. m.

2,000 Yards Hoosier Cotton; not more than 1 bolt of about 25 yds to a customer, Red Tag Price, per yd 43/4c

Extra Special for Sat. Feb. 8th

5c Each From 10 to 11 a. m. 5c Each
100 pieces Enamel, Glassware, Tinware, regular 10c to 25c values; Red Tag Price, each... 5c

4c Spool From 2 to 3 p. m. 4c Spool
Clark's O. N. T., Thread; Red Tag Price, per spool
Not more than 1 dozen spools to a customer, each... 4c

Outing Flannels

A beautiful assortment of patterns in all colors.
10c outing, Red Tag Price... 8c
15c outing, Red Tag Price... 11c

White Goods Bargains

Be sure to visit this department.
30c all linen waistlings, R T P 24c
25c India Linon, R T P... 19c

1/3 Off Ribbons

Ribbons in all widths and shades will be offered in this sale at 1/3 OFF regular price.

Notions

Here is the department where you can make a great saving. Articles that you will need every day. You will be surprised at the wonderful values you will find here.

10c Talcum Powder, R T P can 5c
20c Talcum Powder, R T P can 15c
2 pkgs good envelopes... 5c
3 pairs good shoe laces... 5c
Lana Oil soap, regular 10c val-
ue, R T P, 3 cakes for... 10c

nicely finished couch, P T
P... \$8.49

Rugs

Everything in Rugs and all at bottom prices.

\$12 50 rugs, sizes 9x12, R T P... \$9.98

\$15 rugs, sizes 9x12, R T P... 12.49

20 rugs, sizes 9x12, R T P... 15.98

Trunks

You can always use them and sometimes are compelled to have them; Red Tag Prices help you get them.

\$10 Trunks, Red Tag Price... \$7.98

5 Trunks, Red Tag Price... 3.98

Stoves

\$30 RANGE \$25.49

If you need a range it will pay you to see this one; burn coal or wood, has copper reservoir, also warming closet; specially priced for our Red Tag sale.

22 OWEN HEATER 18.49

Everyone knows the merits of this great stove; if you want a wood stove and this will last a life time, this is your chance; Red Tag Price... 18.49

22 WILSON HEATER

One of the very best heaters made; have only one left; priced at bottom prices; ask to see this stove.

Groceries

Everything in our grocery department goes at Red Tag Prices; Whether you want much or little it will pay you to come to this great sale.

Broken Rice, per pound... 41/2c

Red Kidney Beans, per pound... 6c

Cracked Hominy, per pound... 2c

Flake Hominy, per pound... 3c

Golden Coffee, per pound... 24c

Wizzards Coffee, per pound... 22c

Granulated Coffee, per pound... 22c

Sun Kissed Oats, 2 packages for... 15c

Honey Crisp, 2 packages for... 15c

Kraut, per can... 7c

Forget-Me-Not Matches, 2 boxes... 5c

Try Liquid Preserver—guaranteed to keep your meat sweet and free from skimmers; Red Tag Price, per jug 65c

Furniture

New and up-to-the-minute line of furniture at Red Tag Prices. Each piece as represented and our price will save you money.

\$15 Monitor Sewing Machine

R T P... \$11.98

Drop head, 5-drawers, guaranteed

Sewing machine, R T P \$11.98

Chase Leather Davenport, selec-

ted oak frame, panel sides,

highly polished, reg. \$20 val.

Red Tag Price... \$15.98

China Cabinet, Golden Oak, pol-

ished; high grade china cabi-

net; reg. \$14 value, R T P \$9.98

\$7 Hall Tree, R T P... \$4.98

\$7.50 Iron Bed, R T P... 5.98

\$2.75 Rockers, R T P... 1.98

\$2.00 Rockers, R T P... 1.49

\$16 Sideboard, golden oak, French

plate mirror, 2 small top; one

large lined drawer, 2 cupboards

R T P... 12.98

\$12.50 Velour Couch, velour cov-

ered; double bed when open;

There is not an item in this depart-

ment that is not underpriced consider-

ably under market conditions today.

You will have to have them soon, buy

them now, Red Tag Prices

8-bar curly comb, 10c val; R T P... 5c

25c rim knob locks, R T P... 4c

75c Mortise locks, R T P... 3c

Handled Ax, Red Tag Price... 8c

50c Dovetailed Chests, R T P... 20c

50c Lanterns, Red Tag Prices... 20c

50c Hams, Red Tag Price... 3c

14.00 Saddle, Red Tag Price... 11.48

Hardware and Leather Goods

There is not an item in this depart-

ment that is not underpriced consider-

ably under market conditions today.

You will have to have them soon, buy

them now, Red Tag Prices

15c Ring Bridge, Red Tag Price 1.23

25c Riding Bridle, Red Tag Price 9.98

50c Hams, Red Tag Price... 3c

14.00 Saddle, Red Tag Price... 11.48

B. F. BEARD & Co. Hardinsburg, Ky.

HEROINE OF THE ROAD

THRILLING RACE WITH DEATH
THAT RIVALS FICTION.

Fifteen-Year-Old Girl Makes Daring
and Successful Ride in Effort to
Save Life of Injured
Laborer.

From the "front" of the new Grand Trunk Pacific railway comes a tale of a thrilling race with death that rivals the fiction writer's imagination. Little Mary Fowler, aged fifteen, the daughter of a camp cook, a few nights ago made one of the most daring and successful horseback rides in an effort to save the life of an injured laborer, and in her desperate ride through the darkness of the night over a wild and mountainously rough road the man owes his life.

One of the laborers working upon the grade had been injured slightly in the arm by a flying piece of wood. Carelessness in the handling of this evidently trivial wound caused blood poisoning, and before it was realized, the man was almost at death's door, and only the quick attendance of a doctor could save him.

The only animal in the whole camp that was in any way serviceable was a medium weight horse used for hauling the dump cart on the rock cut. There was no saddle and the only person in camp that was of sufficient light weight to be carried by the animal for any distance to make any speed was fifteen-year-old Mary Fowler.

The nearest doctor was at the main camp, 22 miles down the line, and the country between was of the wildest nature, only a thin, half-blazed trail winding in and out and a swollen running mountain stream also in the pathway between the two camps.

But little Mary was game, and astride the clumsy workhorse, with only a tightly strapped on blanket for a saddle, the girl started out over the mountain trail on a 22-mile dash with death.

Darkness falls quickly these early winter days, and though she started at four in the afternoon it was almost black dark before she had covered quarter the distance. The horse, too, tired with the day's work on the grade, was slow and unsure of foot, and made but poor time in spite of the frantic urging of its rider.

A little over ten miles from the camp, where the injured man lay dying a swollen mountain stream crosses the trail, and though the stream at this point is not more than 50 feet across, it is deep enough to force an animal to swim. A rough bridge had been built for the crossing of foot passengers, but no accommodation had been made for animals. And the horse absolutely balked at going into the water. Crying and frantic, the girl beat the animal and at last induced it to take to the water. The first few feet from the shore the water is fairly shallow, but when the old dump horse felt the water creeping up around its belly, it wheeled sharply around and plunged back to the bank.

Not vanquished, the girl leaped from the animal's back and leaving it behind, started on foot to do the remaining twelve miles that lay between her and the doctor.

In a little more than three hours after she had left her home camp she arrived at the headquarters, and the doctor was on his return journey. This

A SAVINGS ACCOUNT IS GOOD INSURANCE!

Every dollar you save in 1913 will put \$1.03 between your family and want when you meet emergency.

Start a savings account with us and look on it as an insurance policy—you will find it will protect you when you most need protection.

Security and service go hand in hand at

The Farmers Bank,
Hardinsburg, Ky.

A Good Kidney Remedy Is Like a Good Friend

I wish to tell of the wonderful results I have received from your noted Swamp-Root. I am fifty eight years of age, well and healthy to-day, but there has been a time in my life that I was all run down and worn out. My kidneys were in a very bad condition and I suffered from lame back. I have tried other remedies but never got the results that I have received from Swamp Root and I honestly believe that I owe my life to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. I tell others that I could not do without Swamp Root in the house, for when I feel tired and worn out and my back not feeling right, I take Swamp-Root and I am feeling fine in a few days. I heartily recommend Swamp Root the world over.

Very truly yours,
MRS. W. A. GRIFFIN.
305 No. Spring St., Tyler, Texas.
Sworn to and subscribed before me,
this the 20th day of April, 1912.
J. W. BEAIRD,
Notary Public.

Letters to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You
Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure to mention The Breckinridge News, Cloverport, Ky. Regular fifty cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

over a country, wild and rocky, with only the barest semblance of a trail and for the most part through the darkness.

The man's life was saved, and it is to little Mary Fowler and her fearless dash and long walk through the darkness of the night that the laborer owes it.

Twenty-two miles through mountain fastnesses, half on foot and the rest on the back of a slow-moving animal that was little better than a truck horse, twenty-two miles in a little over three hours is some record, and the girl's name is worthy to go down in history as "The heroine of the front."

Mrs. A. R. Tabor, of Crider, Mo., had been troubled with a sick headache for about five years, when she began taking Chamberlain's Tablets. She has taken two bottles of them and they have cured her. Sick headache is caused by a disordered stomach for which these tablets are especially intended. Try them, get well and stay well. Sold by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Putting Him Wise.

A small boy was seated in the parlor with his sister's young man. Being of an inquiring mind, he asked Mr. Gaysmith, "Do you weigh very much?"

"About 150 pounds, my little man," the hopeful lover responded.

"Do you think sister could lift you?" the boy continued.

"Oh, goodness, no," said the young man, blushing at the mere thought, "but why do you ask?"

"I don't believe she can, either, but I heard her tell me this morning that she was going to throw you over as soon as she could."—Weekly Telegraph.

If your children are subject to attacks of croup, watch for the first symptom, hoarseness. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the child becomes hoarse and the attack may be warded off. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

PROF. LOWE NEAR DEATH

Won Fame by First Military Balloon Observations During the Civil War.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 1.—Dr. Thaddeus S. C. Lowe, who won fame in the Civil war by making the first military observations from a balloon used by the army of the Potomac, lies at the home of one of his daughters at the point of death.

Prof. Lowe is eighty years old and there is no hope for his recovery. For a year he has been suffering from the effects of a broken hip, fractured in a fall when he was on a visit to relatives in Pennsylvania.

Prof. Lowe was one of the first scientists to make ice artificially. Some of his gas-making appliances and devices have been used extensively.

Persons troubled with partial paralysis are often very much benefited by massaging the effected parts thoroughly when applying Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment also relieves rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Harriman Estate \$70,000,000.
New York, Jan. 13.—Edward H. Harriman's estate aggregates \$70,000,000 to \$75,000,000. This estimate was reached by the transfer tax appraisers with a complete inventory in hand.

Market near Fourth
Louisville, Ky.

J. BACON & SONS
ESTABLISHED IN 1845.
INCORPORATED

Fourth Near Market
Louisville, Ky.

Now in Actual Progress Our January Clearance Sale

As usual this sale is being conducted in the characteristic Bacon way. That is it is a strictly bonifide clearance in which all departments are represented

ATTEND--IT WILL PAY YOU TO ATTEND!

Winter goods of every description and winter wearing apparel for women and children can be bought at prices that do not prevail at any time other than clearance time

CLEARANCE TIME FOR US MEANS BAR-GAIN TIME FOR YOU

Nearly a quarter of a million dollars worth of goods at generously reduced prices is embodied in this big sale. Is it any wonder then, why we are urging you to attend, why it will pay you to attend.

Railroad Fares Refunded

We want to place all of our out-of-town friends on the same plane as our city customers. In order to do this we refund to our out-of-town customers five per cent of their total purchases up to the amount of their round trip railroad fare. Hence you can come to our store, take advantage of our big assortments and low prices and your railroad fare will cost you nothing.

WHITE CHEEKS ARE NO MORE

Tint of the Gypsy Has Replaced the So Long Familiar "Apple Blossom" Effects.

Parisian women have adopted a new complexion. It is no longer fashionable to have ill white cheeks or to blanche the face like a Pierrot. To be "chic" one must have a brown tint like a gypsy.

A Parisian reception will wear presently the air of a collection of colonial beauties and sportswomen. And yet there is no sacrifice of refinement or elegance in the new fad. A change of flesh color has not entailed a change in the fit and fashion of the dress. The French woman will still be impeccably clothed notwithstanding that her pallor and indoor look have departed, leaving a faint touch of tan.

* We must make our adieux to "roses and cream," to "apple blossom," to the "clear spring mornings" and "fair moonbeams." It is the imagery of the poets, but it is no longer true. Gone is the immaculate body of the sculptor as an object of adoration; in its place we shall address our odes to the dusky queens. There is a new war of the roses; the white have been defeated by the red.

Here is a remedy that will cure your cold. Why waste time and money experimenting when you can get a preparation that has won a world-wide reputation by its cures of this disease and can always be depended upon? It is known everywhere as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and is a medicine of real merit. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

WILL QUIT SCHOOL BOARD

Winthrop to Withdraw From New York Body After Seven Years as President.

New York, Jan. 1.—Edgerton L. Winthrop, Jr., for seven terms president of the New York board of education, announced that he would not be a candidate for re-election. Commissioner Thomas W. Churchill, leader of the so-called progressives in the board, is expected to succeed to the presidency. The board adopted a resolution unanimously in favor of prohibiting secret fraternities in the high schools.

When you want a reliable medicine for a cough or cold take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

WARNING TO ADVERTISERS.

The merchant wrote a little ad. And put it in the Shrike. And there it stood day after day. And each succeeding week.

It told about his heating stoves. He wrote it when the snow was piled Upon the frozen earth. As high as it would go.

And in the sizzling August days, When in the towns and groves The people fried and sweated blood They read about his stoves.

Years were on. The babes were born. And grown up folks were pinched. Some men were to the senate sent. And other men were lynched.

And some were wed. And some divorced. And some were boiled in oil. And some were loafing in the shade. While others tilled the soil.

And some were on the briny seas. A-hunting treasure troves. And still that doggone foolish ad. Referred to heating stoves.

The type wore out. The printer went to get another ad. "I tried that graft," the merchant said. "And found it very bad.

No, advertising doesn't pay.

Go chase yourself, my dove, I tried your sheet for seven years And never sold a stove."

—W. Mason, in Fane.

For croup or sore throat, use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Two sizes, 25c and 50c. At all drug stores.—Advertisement.

Walking to Business.

Not so many years ago the man of business walked to business. I played tennis with him—a strenuous game, and he was seventy-odd in years. He had built up a business in St. Martin's lane. He lived in Camberwell New road. And every day he walked from Camberwell to his business and back again, having done his day's work, with no meal between his breakfast and his dinner at Camberwell, and his fun was to find always a new route for his walk to and fro. His walks brought a wonderful knowledge of London—to say nothing of health and longevity.—London Chronicle.

Weight of Trains.

The extreme weight and speed of modern railway trains is a train weighing 400 tons moving at a velocity of seventy-five miles an hour. Many people are amazed at the destruction effected by railway trains when they strike an object at rest, such as a delayed train. A mass of 400 tons propelled at seventy-five miles an hour contains energy nearly twice as great as that of a 2,000-pound shot fired from a 10-ton Armstrong gun. No wonder that such a train proves a terribly destructive projectile.

H. E. ROYALTY PERMANENT DENTIST

Cumb. Phone 18. Residence Shellman House
Hardinsburg, Ky.

Office Over Farmers Bank

Ask the Farmer Who Has One

what wonders the Cumberland Telephone works for him. He will reply:

- 1 Sells my products
- 2 Gets the best prices
- 3 Brings supplies
- 4 Protects the home
- 5 Helps the housewife
- 6 Increases profits

7 Pays for itself over and over

Seven cardinal reasons why YOU should be interested and send today for booklet. For information call Manager

Cumberland Telephone & Telegraph Co.

It's Your DUTY to Save!

It's EVERY man's duty to himself and those dependent upon him to have some money in the bank with which to combat reverses which might confront him. And it's easy to start a bank account with this strong, reliable institution. Start, say, with Five Dollars; and after a month or two of regularly putting aside a stated amount, you'll begin to think of how MUCH instead of how LITTLE, you can save each pay day. Make yourself a New Year's present by starting an account TODAY. Your money will earn a liberal interest.

FIRST STATE BANK, Irvington, Ky.
J. C. PAYNE, Cashier

Dr. W. B. TAYLOR

..Permanent..

Dentist

Irvington, Kentucky

\$3.50 Louisville Evening Post and Breckinridge News one year \$3.50.

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS,

JNO. D. BABBAGE, Editor and Publisher

Issued Every Wednesday.

EIGHT PAGES.

CLOVERPORT, KY., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29, 1913

Subscription price \$1.00 a year in advance.

BUSINESS LOCALS 10c per line, and 5c for each additional insertion.

CARDS OF THANKS over five lines charged for at the rate of 10 cents per line.

OBITUARIES charged for at the rate of 5 cents per line. money in advance.

Examine the label on your paper. If it is not correct please notify us.

A BENEFICIAL CONTEST.

A Cloverport, Ky., merchant is stimulating the boys and girls of his town to qualify themselves for a vocation that few people anywhere ever undertake—that of advertisement writers and managers of the advertising department of firms which employ a manager to handle their advertising business, because advertising has become a regular feature of every business in the country, and is the first essential to be considered by any business, because publicity is absolutely imperative in any undertaking that is to attain to any degree of prosperity worth the whole time and attention of a man of more than very ordinary business ability.

The Cloverport merchant offers cash prizes for the best written and most catchy advertisements, based upon plain facts and figures. Many boys and girls of that town are contestants for these prizes.

The Inquirer makes the prediction that this juvenile contest is going to develop some advertising experts at Cloverport who will land in high-salaried positions, because it is a wide field which has many valuable openings for those who are competent to enter therein.

It is a field which is almost monopolized by men, but who knows but what some Cloverport girl may some day be in charge of the advertising department of one of the big business concerns of this country? Several of the girls there have lain the foundation for a useful career in that line of work by entering the contest for the prizes offered by a progressive "home merchant," and it is noted that in three of these contests a girl has been the winner every time.

The Cloverport business man is to be commended for putting on a contest which can not fail to prove to be greatly beneficial to some of the contestants in the future.—Owensboro Inquirer.

Marion Weatherholt, our aggressive business man, should be grateful to the Inquirer for pointing out the value of the opportunity he is giving to the Cloverport High School. Coming from the city daily papers the students will be more impressed of the fact that the road to success begins at home. Every boy and girl should learn to write their thoughts, and a better way can not be found than ad writing. A man knows his own business better than anyone else, but there is not a man in a hundred who can put that knowledge in writing attractive enough to win attention. And that is why so many business men can not make advertising pay—bread is not good unless it is made right, and advertising is useless unless it is written and finished correctly.

THE "MONEY-TRUST" ADMISSIONS.

(From The Literary Digest.)

The "Money Trust" has not only walked calmly into the open and acknowledged its existence, but it has even admitted, by implication, that it may require regulation. Such at least is the view many papers take of certain statements made by Mr. George F. Baker be-

fore the Pujo Investigating Committee. Mr. Baker, whose dominance in the world of finance is said to be second only to that of his friend and ally, Mr. Morgan, conceded, at the end of two days of questioning by Mr. Untermyer, that the concentration of the control of credit in the hands of a few men "has gone about far enough;" that "if it got into bad hands it would be very bad;" that safety in the present situation lies very much in the personnel of the few men who control; and that this is "not entirely" a comfortable situation for a great country to be in.

"The 'Money Trust' has surrendered," exclaims the Springfield Republican, which argues that after such testimony it will be impossible for the money power to oppose remedial legislation with the plea that things are well enough as they are. Mr. Baker's "very candid and patriotic admission," continues The Republican, "puts an end to the discussion whether a 'Money Trust' threatens the country," and "points the way more unmistakably toward the need of legislation which may intelligently, conservatively emancipate the nation from the dangers inherent in any private financial oligarchy, however conscientious and well-intentioned it may be." Even so conservative a paper as the New York Times remarks that "the country had already come to the conclusion which Mr. Baker avows, and which, therefore, it is necessary to believe the system will not oppose, that concentration has gone far enough, and that a change of system is necessary." This concentration, declares the Louisville Post, "is a menace to the country today; a menace to industrial progress; a menace to financial stability."

Editor Brisbane, of the New York Evening Journal, says that advertising in the country papers, properly utilized, is the most valuable advertising in the world for its cost, and urges advertisers to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the country newspapers. He says he don't own and never expects to own a country newspaper, but he knows their value and their influence. He goes on to say that a country editor with 500 circulation or more, for his weekly, can talk to five hundred good, typical American families, all purchasers, all desirable customers, and through his advertising columns, is the trusted and valued agent and promoter of at least ten great industrial merchandising concerns, and is able to sell everything. His readers, he says, buy everything that is for sale; from nails to pianos, from pills to automobiles. They buy paint and roofing and stoves and lamps, and hundreds of commodities that the city dweller never buys; and what Mr. Brisbane says is true, every word of it. It is time the country merchants were waking up to the opportunities given them through the country press.

Oscar Black, of Addison, is in Louisville today attending the State Progressive Convention. He is a very enthusiastic Bull Mooser, and says a full ticket will be put in the field for all State and county offices. Mr. Black's friends are anxious for him to stand for County Court Clerk. He did not say, however, that he would be a candidate. He did say though that there would be no compromise with Taft Republicans.

The City Council don't believe in newspaper publicity. It costs too much. City Ordinance No. 3627, says: "The City Clerk shall, at the end of every fiscal year, make a full and detailed statement of receipts and expenditures of the preceding year, and a full statement of the financial affairs of the city, which SHALL be published."

The Henderson county pool of two and one-half million pounds of tobacco was sold last Saturday to the Imperial Tobacco Company for 7 cents for fired and 6½ cents for unfired.

We sympathize with our visitors in Florida. We are having delightful weather here at home—and we don't have to dress up to enjoy it.

J. M. Lewis, of Hardinsburg, is a candidate for jailor of Breckinridge county. He is a Democrat. His announcement appears in this issue.

Sam Dix's friends want him to enter the race for County Judge. Sam Dix is good material for a County Judge.

Last Saturday looked like a big court day in Hardinsburg with so many farmers in town.

SLOWER TRAINS FOR WINTER

Atmospheric Conditions Make Revision of Schedules Necessary in Most Sections.

Instead of slowing down a few of the extra fare, extra fast trains, the speed of nearly all passenger trains is to be slackened.

The plan is to make a general lengthening of passenger train schedules, that is, all main line trains that may be in any way considered in the through route class. This takes in probably 60 per cent. of all passenger trains. The present plan is to deal with trains that operate 200 or 300 miles up to 500. The exception to the slower cars will be to the south, where the weather is not considered sufficiently severe to interfere with operations.

On timecards becoming effective in many of the big western roads the schedule scores of passenger trains is strung out to time cards considered safe. The managers say it is farcical to advertise these fast trains in winter, when they cannot meet their schedule more than ten per cent. of the time. The locomotives will not steam, and snows and other atmospheric conditions keep trains delayed, and the public becomes aroused. The railroad men argue that the public will be better satisfied to have slower trains and have them operated on time.—Chicago Examiner.

CAR SEVEN MILES FROM LINE

Coaches Have Been Known to Wander Far, but This Is Believed to Be the Limit So Far.

The numbers and initials of cars sometimes become so blurred and indistinct that the road on whose line they are finds itself unable to tell who their proper owners are. Some time ago, on a Michigan road, a car had been lost track of completely and the

most diligent search failed to reveal its whereabouts. A farmer finally volunteered the information to the lost-car agent that the car he was looking for was about "seven miles from the track back in the woods." The agent, on investigating the matter, found this to be true. The previous winter a temporary track seven miles long had been laid back in the woods from the main line to a lumber camp. Some of the contractors at the camp being in need of a comfortable kitchen, had appropriated a car for the purpose, removing the body from the trucks, which were then shoved in a ditch and covered with brush.

In the spring when the temporary track was taken up, this car was overlooked, with the result that it was left stranded in the wood seven miles from the place it should have been.

Electric Baggage Trucks.
The use of the baggage truck hauled or pushed by human muscle is no longer used by many progressive railroad and steamship companies. The new idea is a low deck, heavily built, four wheel, storage battery driven platform truck which moves the trunks and bags of travelers in a quantity and at a rate of speed which consists with the modern transportation of the passengers themselves. One truck of the new type, operated by the baggeman standing on a small platform at the end, has a rated capacity of 4,000 pounds and is geared for three speeds, the maximum being eight miles per hour empty and six miles per hour loaded. These little giants of transportation are finding favor also in mail handling and in commercial warehouse work. The efficiency in handling mail bags, for example, is shown by the fact that an electric truck can make five trips with a load of two tons in the time required for a hand truck to make four trips with a one ton load; in other terms, a single electric truck does the work of two and one-half hand trucks.

EVERY MAN

is born with equal rights, but it takes a certain amount of good judgment to realize these rights, therefore the

SECRET OF YOUR SUCCESS

lies in your judgment of the man with whom you place your contract for your building material. If

You Judge Rightly

you will select the man who carries

A Complete Line

of Rough and Dressed Lumber, Ceiling, Flooring, Oils, Paints and Varnishes; everything to complete your home from Chimney tops to basement. To find

THE RIGHT KIND OF MATERIAL AT THE RIGHT PRICE AND THE RIGHT MAN, GO TO

MARION WEATHERHOLT, General Contractor

Cloverport, Kentucky

UNCALLED FOR DEPOSITS

As required by law the Breckinridge Bank publishes hereby a list of deposits showing on their books and uncalled for within five years, together with dates of same.

March 23, 1901, W. L. Basham	\$20 90
July 13, 1903, E. C. Brice	15 98
April 13, 1907, Mary E. Hinton	50 00
Unknown, Eli Miller	8 00
Unknown, Fritz Schoen	7 95

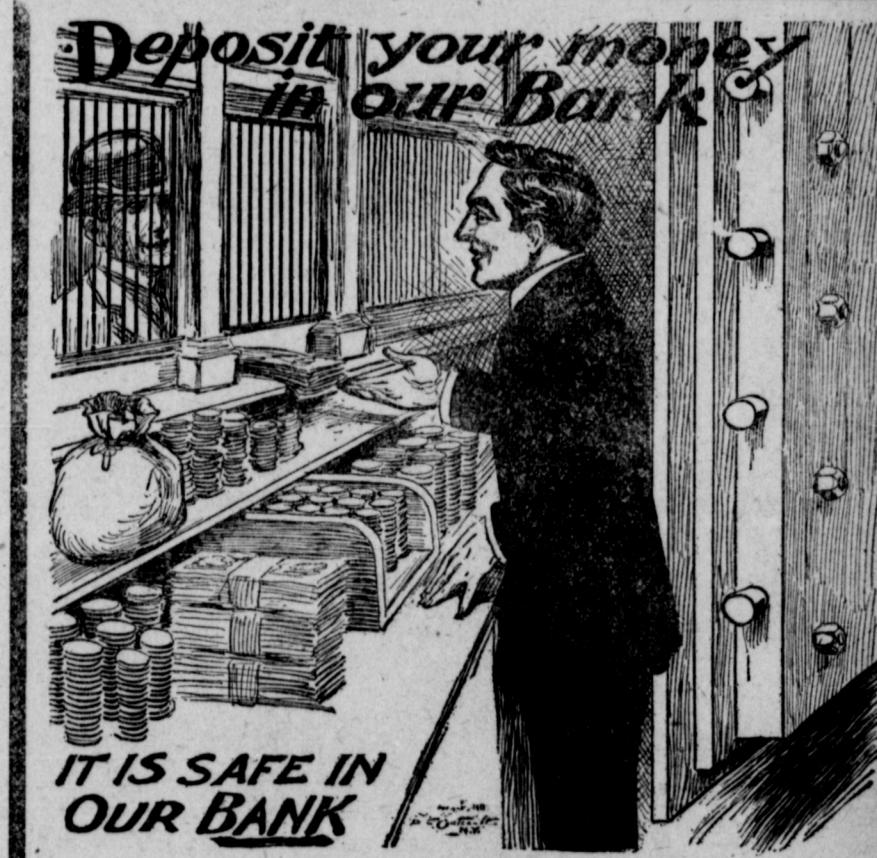
The foregoing list is correct.

A. B. SKILLMAN, Cashier

Subscribed and sworn to before me by A. B. Skillman, Cashier, this the 18th day of Jan. 1913.

O. T. Skillman, Notary Public Breckinridge County.

My commission Expires Jan. 12th, 1914.



Deposit your money in our bank; you feel secure because it is a safe place. It will make you feel happy to know that some day, if a BUSINESS CHANCE arises, you can go to the bank and find your money where you left it. The possession of a bank account not only gives you prestige in your community but with YOURSELF. Begin at once to put away just a portion of what you are now letting go in extravagance.

Let Our Bank be Your Bank

"Total Resources, Including Trust Investments \$600,000 00"

THE BANK OF HARDINSBURG & TRUST CO. Hardinsburg, Ky.

Home Talent Co.

Owing to the persistent demands of the people in McQuady and surrounding community, Father Knue has consented to allow The Home Talent Company, of McQuady, the use of the new hall for a reproduction of the play on

Wednesday, Jan. 29

Everybody is invited to attend. Reserved seats at 35c will be on sale at McQuady Supply Co.'s. from Jan. 26, 1913.

General Admission, 25 Cents

Breckenridge News and Louisville Daily Herald 1 Year \$3

Reserved Seats 35c

will be on sale at Kincheloe's Pharmacy from January 27th. All are invited to attend. An evening of pleasure and enjoyment is assured.

Musical Program in charge of Miss Lillian Sheeran and Scott Mattingly

General Admission - - 25 Cents

Entered at the Post Office at Cloverport, Ky.
as second class matter.HIS PAPER REPRESENTED FOR FOREIGN
ADVERTISING BY THE
AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATIONGENERAL OFFICES
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO
RANCHES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

ATES FOR POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

or Precinct and city Offices	\$ 2 50
or County Offices	\$ 5 00
or State and District Offices	\$ 15 00
or Calls, per line	.10
or Cards, per line	.10
or All Publications in the interest of individuals or expression of individual views per line	.10

HARDINSBURG

Mrs. Morris H. Beard was in Louisville shopping last week.

Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Harned have returned to their home in Garfield after a visit to their daughters.

Mrs. John J. McHenry and son have gone to Hartford for a visit to Mrs. Jennie McHenry.

Supt. Andrew Driskell and J. Whitworth, chairman of the County Board of Education, visited the school at Hardinsburg Tuesday. Miss Nell Cashman and her pupils have added many improvements to that school this year.

Mr. Wick Moorman, of Cloverport, was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. John Kincheloe while he was here serving on the Board of Supervisors.

Messrs Dave Henry, Ed Shellman and J. B. Herndon were in town on business Wednesday.

Jesse K. Miller was a visitor in town last Wednesday.

Dr. Forest Lightfoot has returned to his home in Cloverport after having been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Beard.

Miss Haynes, of Garfield, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Davis Dowell.

Mrs. Marvin D. Beard entertained for dinner Wednesday the following: Revs. Swift, Yates, Burns, M. L. Dyer and Mrs. Dyer, Misses Edna Burns and Niram Willett.

Attorney Claud Mercer and stenographer, Miss Fanny Whittinghill were in Irvington Friday taking depositions. Mr. Mercer went from there to Brandenburg on legal business.

Arthur Drane, representing Johnson Bros., was calling on our merchants last week.

Misses Nancy and Della Kincheloe visited their brother, Dr. Allen Kincheloe, at McQuady, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Moorman were guests of Mrs. Frank Peyton at the Commercial Hotel Friday.

Attorney Allen R. Kincheloe was in Irvington on legal business Friday.

E. E. Hardaway, representing the Standard Oil Co., was in town Thursday.

Joe Moore, of Glenwood, Iowa, was a visitor in town for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Henderson, of Webster, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nat Watlington.

Miss Helen Board, of Irvington, spent Saturday with her aunt, Mrs. C. L. Beard.

Jessie Walls, of Custer, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Walls.

Mr. Powell and daughter, Miss Viola Powell, of Glen Dean, were visiting in town Friday.

Twenty-four took the graduation examination here last Friday and Saturday.

Walter Moorman, of Glen Dean, was in town Friday.

J. Raleigh Meador went to Stephensport and held the graduation examination last Friday and Saturday.

Miss Nell Cashman, of Harned, spent the week end with friends in town.

W. C. and W. R. Moorman and Thos. Robertson, of Glen Dean; D. H. Smith and Thos. Gregory, of Garfield, all hustling farmers, were in town Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. J. C. Payne and daughter, Miss Susie Thomas Payne, of Irvington, are visiting Mrs. Mary Heston.

Jim Dejarnette, of Holt; John and Herbert McGary, of Kirk, were among the many shoppers in town Saturday.

Hol Drane, of Webster, has been visiting his sister, Mrs. E. McDavis.

Mrs. I. B. Richardson and children were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Minor Compton Saturday and Sunday.

H. J. Hayes, of Serec; John Hines and Jim Cook, of McDaniels; R. H. Cook, of Locust Hill, were in town on business Saturday.

E. J. Doss, bank examiner, was in town Friday and examined the Farmers Bank and pronounced it safe and sound.

Dennis Soper and Miss Nevada Robbins, daughter of Chas. Robbins, were married Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock at the home of Micajah Robbins. Rev. M. L. Dyer performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Soper left immediately after the ceremony for Louisville; where they expect to make their home.

Church Advertising Pays.

"I believe newspaper advertisement of church services pays in every way. It pays financially, at least, with us, and it certainly pays in the securing of a larger hearing for the pulpit message. Yet I also realize that such advertising, to be effective or make any special impression, must be the announcement of some unusual topic which has news value. The ordinary theme does not attract that kind of attention. Success depends on the phrasing of the subject and the way it is handled in the pulpit. This kind of church publicity is an art in itself which must be carefully studied, as a business man studies his kind of advertising."—Rev. P. H. Bready, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GUARANTEE OUR WORK

Think what an improvement in your looks if that empty space is filled with clean, white teeth, and will not only help in looks, but think how much better you will enjoy eating. Teeth extracted without pain.

W. A. WALKER, Dentist
HARDINSBURG, Ky.
Office over Bakery

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For County Attorney

We are authorized to announce
JUDGE H. C. MURRAY,
of Hardinsburg, as a candidate for County
Attorney, subject to the action of the
Democratic party at the August Primary.

For Jailer

We are authorized to announce
TICE HENDRICK
as a candidate for Jailer of Breckenridge
County subject to the action of the Dem-
ocratic Party at the August primary.We are authorized to announce
J. M. LEWIS,
of Hardinsburg, as a candidate for jailor
or, subject to the action of the Demo-
cratic Party in the August Primary.

TO CURB THE DIRIGIBLES

German Invention That Is Considered
by Military Men to Be of Im-
mense Importance.The German paper Schuss and
Waffe describes a bullet named for its
inventor, Lentz, for which great things
are claimed in the way of destroying
dirigible balloons, which will undoubt-
edly appear in the next war between
nations of the first rank.Instead of being a shell fired from a
howitzer, like other projectiles of this
sort, this bullet can be made up into
cartridges for the ordinary rifle.Two prongs are held in slots in the
bullet, while it is in the barrel of the
rifle, but fly out when it is in the air.When it enters a balloon casing, the
strain on these prongs releases a
spring, which explodes a primer, set-
ting the gas on fire.While a dirigible might escape the
few shells fired at it by a cannon, it
would hardly hope to pass unhit
through the hail of bullets fired by a
regiment; and one such bullet explod-
ing within its envelope would destroy
the balloon, as the unfortunate Well-
man balloon exploded last year.

Caters for Elephants.

Strange traffic originates on the
railways of the Malay states, as
shown in a recently published sched-
ule of freight rates, among which
such items as these appear:Elephants, 20 cents per mile each;
alligators, bears, hyenas, panthers,
tigers and similar animals, 10 cents
per mile each; monkeys, one half
cent per mile each; snakes in baskets,
parcels rate.From a further perusal of the
volume one finds that: It is
better to send an elephant to a friend
than a corpse in a coffin, for the lat-
ter will cost you 50 cents each per
mile, with a minimum charge of five
dollars. Tom-toms go at 1 1/2 cents
per pikul per mile. It is obvious that
people who send snakes or tom-toms
by rail might want to have a proces-
sion. Therefore it is enacted that a
license for every religious or other
procession of over 500 people, for 12
hours or less, with music, costs \$25,
or, without music, \$10.

Pension for an Old Engineer.

Peter Tellin, the oldest engineer of
the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe rail-
road, has been retired on a pension.Tellin has been employed by the Santa
Fe 44 years and was the engine
driver for the construction train when
the road was being constructed west of
Florence. He fought Indians who
opposed the coming of the railroad
and was held up often by buffalo
crossing the tracks. For many years
Tellin has been driving the engine on
fast passenger trains between Hutch-
inson and Kinsley.

His Imagination Too Vivid.

Tom, five years old, sat looking at
a plate of cold tongue.

"What's that?" he asked at last.

"Cold tongue," was the answer.

"Are we going to eat it?"

"Certainly."

"Well, have we ever had any be-
fore?"

"Yes."

"Did I eat it?"

"Of course you did."

"Well, what do you think of that?"

And after it had been in a cow's
mouth!"—Indianapolis News.INSURE
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FIREwith
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pair of gold frame nose glasses in T. P.
Taylor Co., case. Finder please return and
get reward to J. J. Tilford, Irvington, Ky.

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FARM—North of the railroad half-way be-
tween Webster and Lodiburg; one dwel-
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MOSTLY White Oaks 1 1/2 miles from Ohio
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FOR SALE—A 15 horse power stationery
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pair.—Breckenridge News, Clo-
verport, Ky.

For Sale

FOR SALE—Deeds, Mortgages and all kinds
of legal blanks.—Breckenridge News,
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cales, Galatea Cloth, Pop-
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Dress Goods, Linen.Come, while the stocks are full
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The Stolen Singer

By Martha Bellinger

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CHAPTER XIV.

Susan Stoddard's Prayer.

There was a wide porch, spotlessly scrubbed, along the front of the house, and two hydrangeas blooming gorgeously in tubs, one on either side of the walk. The house looked new and modern, shiny with paint and furnished with all the conveniences offered by the relentless progress of our day.

Little Simon had informed Agatha, during their short drive, that Deacon Stoddard had achieved this "residence" shortly before his death; and his tone implied that it was the pride of the town, its real treasure. Even to Agatha's absorbed and preoccupied mind it presented a striking contrast to the old red house, which had received her so graciously into its spacious comfort. She marveled that anything so fresh and modish as the house before her could have come into being in the old town. It was next to a certainty that there was a model laundry with set tubs beyond the kitchen, and equally sure that no old horsehair lounge subtly invited the wearied traveler to rest.

A cool draft came through the screen door. Within, it was cleaner than anything Agatha had ever seen. The stair-rail glistened, the polished floors shone. A neat bouquet of sweet peas stood exactly in the center of a snow-white doily, which was exactly in the middle of a shiny, round table. The very doormat was brand new; Agatha would never have thought of wiping her shoes on it.

Agatha's ring was answered by a half-grown girl, who looked scared when she saw a stranger at the door. Agatha walked into the parlor, in spite of the girl's hesitation in inviting her, and directed her to say to Mrs. Stoddard that Miss Redmond, from the old red house, wished particularly to see her. The girl's face assumed an expression of intelligent and ecstatic curiosity.

"Oh!" she breathed. Then, "She's putting up plums, but she can come out in a few minutes." She could not go without lingering to look at Agatha, her wide-eyed gaze taking note of her hair, her dress, her hands, her face. As Agatha became conscious of the ingenuous inspection to which she was subjected, she smiled at the girl—one of her old, radiant, friendly smiles.

"Run now, and tell Mrs. Stoddard, there's a good child! And sometime you must come to see me at the red house; will you?"

The girl's face lighted up as if the sun had come through a cloud. She smiled at Agatha in return, with a "Yes" under her breath. Thus are slaves made.

Left alone in the cool, dim parlor, so orderly and spotless, Agatha had a presentiment of the prejudice of class and of religion against which she was about to throw herself. Susan Stoddard's fanaticism was not merely that of an individual; it represented the stored-up strength of hardy, conscience-driven generations. The Stoddards might build themselves houses with model laundries, but they did not thereby transfer their real treasure from the incorruptible kingdom. If they were not ruled by aesthetic ideals, neither were they governed by thoughts of worldly display. This fragrant, clean room bespoke character and family history. Agatha found herself absently looking down at a white wax cross, entwined with wax flowers, standing under a glass on the center-table. It was a strange piece of handicraft. Its whiteness was suggestive of death, not life, and the curving leaves and petals, through which the vital sap once flowed, were beautiful no longer, now that their day of tender freshness was so inappropriately prolonged. As Agatha, with mind aloof, wondered vaguely at the laborious patience exhibited in the work, her eye caught sight of an inscription molded in the wax pedestal: "Brother." Her mind was sharply brought back from the impersonal region of speculation. What she saw was not merely a sentimental, misguided attempt at art; it was Susan Stoddard's memorial of her brother, Hercules Thayer—the man who had so unexpectedly influenced Agatha's own life. To Susan Stoddard this wax cross was the symbol of the companionship of childhood, and of all the sweet and bitter involved in the inexplicable bond of blood relationship. Agatha felt more kindly toward her because of this mute, fantastic memorial. She looked up almost with her characteristic friendly smile as she heard slow, steady steps coming down the hall.

The eyes that returned Agatha's look were not smiling, though they did not look unkind. They gazed, without embarrassment, as without pride, into Agatha's face, as if they would probe at once to the covered springs of action. Mrs. Stoddard was a thick-set woman, rather short, looking toward sixty, with iron-gray hair parted in the middle and drawn back in an

old-fashioned, pretty way.

It was to the credit of Mrs. Stoddard's breeding that she took no notice of Agatha's peculiar dress, unsuited as it was to any place but the bedroom, even in the morning. Mrs. Stoddard herself was neat as a pin in a cotton gown made for utility, not beauty. She stood for an instant with her clear, untroubled gaze full upon Agatha, then drew forward a chair from its mathematical position against the wall. When she spoke, her voice was a surprise, it was so low and deep, with a resonance like that of the cello. It was not the voice of a young woman; it was, rather, a rare gift of age, telling how beautiful an old woman's speech could be. Moreover, it carried refinement of birth and culture, a beauty of phrase and enunciation, which would have marked her with distinction anywhere.

"How do you do, Miss Redmond?"

Agatha, standing by the table with the cross, made no movement toward the chair. She was not come face to face with Mrs. Stoddard for the purpose of social visitation, but because, in the warfare of life, she had been sent to the enemy with a message. That, at least, was Agatha's point of view. Officially, she was come to plead with Mrs. Stoddard; personally, she was hot and resentful at her unjust words. Her reply to her hostess' greeting was brief and her attitude unbending.

"I have come to ask you, Mrs. Stoddard," Agatha began, though to her chagrin, she found her voice was unsteady—"I have come personally to ask you, Mrs. Stoddard, if you will help us in caring for our friend, who is ill. Your brother, Doctor Thayer, wishes it. It is a case of life and death, maybe; and skillful nursing is difficult to find."

Agatha's hand, that rested on the table, was trembling by the time she finished her speech; she was vividly conscious of the panic that had come upon her nerves at a fresh realization of the wall of defense and resistance which she was attempting to assail. It spoke to her from Mrs. Stoddard's calm, other-worldly eyes, from her serene, deep voice.

"No, Miss Redmond, that work is not for me."

"But please, Mrs. Stoddard, will you not reconsider your decision? It is not for myself I ask, but for another—one who is suffering."

Mrs. Stoddard's gaze went past Agatha and rested on the white cross with the inscription, "Brother." She slowly shook her head, saying again, "No, that work is not for me. The Lord does not call me there."

As the two women stood there, with the funeral cross between them, each with her heart's burden of griefs, convictions and resentments, each recoiled, sensitively, from the other's touch. But life and the burden life imposes were too strong.

"How can you say, Mrs. Stoddard, that work is not for me, when there is suffering you can relieve, sickness that you can cure? I am asking a hard thing, I know; but we will help to make it as easy as possible for you, and we are in great need."

"Should the servants of the Lord falter in doing his work?" Mrs. Stoddard's voice intoned reverently, while she looked at Agatha with her sincere eyes. "No. He gives strength to perform his commands. But sickness and sorrow and death are on every hand; to some it is appointed for a moment's trial, to others it is the wages of sin. We can not alter the Lord's decrees."

Agatha stared at the rapt speaker with amazed eyes, and presently the anger she had felt at Doctor Thayer's words rose again within her breast, doubly strong. The doctor had given but a feeble version of the judgment; here was the real voice hurling anathema, as did the prophets of old. But even as she listened, she gathered all her force to combat this sword of spirit which had so suddenly risen against her.

"You are a hard and unjust woman, to talk of the 'wages of sin.' What do you know of my life, or of him who is sick over at the red house? Who are you, to sit in judgment upon us?"

"I am the humblest of his servants," replied Susan Stoddard, and there was no shadow of hypocrisy in her tones. She went on, almost sorrowfully: "But we are sent to serve and obey. Keep ye separate and apart from the children of this world," is his command, and I have no choice but to obey. Besides," and she looked up fearlessly into Agatha's face, "we do know about you. It is spoken of by all how you follow a wicked and worldly profession. You can't touch pitch and not be defiled. The temple must be purged and emptied of worldly life before Christ can come in."

Agatha was baffled by the very simplicity and directness of Mrs. Stoddard's words, even though she felt her own texts might easily be turned against her. But she had no heart for argument, even if it would lead her to verbal triumph over her companion. Instinctively she felt that not thus was Mrs. Stoddard to be won.

"Whatever you may think about me or about my profession, Mrs. Stoddard," she said, "you must believe me when I say that Mr. Hambleton is free from your censure and worthy of your sincerest praise. He is not an opera singer—of that I am convinced—"

Susan Stoddard here interpolated a stern "Don't you know?"

"Listen, Mrs. Stoddard!" cried Agatha in desperation. "When the yacht, the Jeanne D'Arc, began to sink, there was panic and fear everywhere. While I was climbing down into one of the smaller boats, the rope broke, and I fell into the water. I should have drowned then and there, if it had not

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been for this man; for all the rest of the ship's load jumped into the boats and rowed away to save themselves. He helped me to come ashore, after I had become exhausted by swimming. He is ill and near to death, because he risked his life to save mine. Is not that a heaven-inspired act?"

Mrs. Stoddard's eyes glistened at Agatha's tale, which had at last got behind the older woman's armor. But her next attack took a form that Agatha had not foreseen. In her reverent voice, so suited to exhortation, she demanded:

"And what will you do with your life, now that you have been saved by the hand of God? Will you dedicate it to him, whose child you are?"

Agatha, chafing in her heart, paused a moment before she answered:

"My life has not been without its tests of faith and of conscience, Mrs. Stoddard; and who of us does not wish, with the deepest yearning, to know the right and to do it?"

"Knowledge comes from the Lord," came Mrs. Stoddard's words, like an antiphonal response in the litany.

"My way has been different from yours; and it is a way that would be difficult for you to understand, possibly. But you shall not condemn me without reason."

"Are you going to marry that man you have been living with these many days?" was the next stern inquiry.

A stinging blush—a blush of anger and outraged pride as much as of modesty—surged up over Agatha's face. She was silent a moment, and in that moment learned what it was to control anger.

"I have not been living with this man, in any sense of the term, Mrs. Stoddard. I will say this once for all to you, though I never would, in any other conceivable situation, reply to such an implication. You have no right to say or think such things."

"Wickedness must be rebuked of the Lord," intoned Mrs. Stoddard.

"Are you his mouthpiece?" said Agatha scornfully. But she was rebuked for her scorn by Mrs. Stoddard's look. Her eyes rested on Agatha's face with pleading and patience, as if she were a world mother, agonizing for the salvation of her children.

"It is his command to pluck the brand from the burning," said Susan Stoddard. "Ungodly example is a sin, and earthly love often a snare for youthful feet."

As Agatha listened to Mrs. Stoddard's strange plea, the instinct within her which, from the first moment of the interview, had recoiled from this fanatical but intensely spiritual woman, found its way, as it were, into the light. Such was the power of her sincerity, that, in spite of the extraordinary character of the interview, Agatha's heart throbbed with a new comprehension which was almost love. She stepped closer to Susan Stoddard, her tall figure, overtopping the other's sturdy one, and took one of her strong work-hardened hands.

"Mrs. Stoddard, this man has never spoken a word of love to me. But if I ever marry, it will be a man like him—a plain, high-hearted gentleman. There! You have a woman's secret. And now come with me, and help us to save a life. You cannot, you must not, refuse me now."

The subtle changes of the mind are hard to trace and are often obscure even to the eye of science; but every day those changes make or mar our joy. Susan Stoddard looked for a long minute up into the vivid face bending over hers, while her spirit, even as Agatha's had done, pierced the hedge which separated them, and comprehended something of the goodness in the other's soul. Finally she laid her other hand over Agatha's, enclosing it in a strong clasp. Then, with a certain pathetic pride in her submission, she said:

"I have been wrong, Agatha; I will come." Agatha's grateful eyes dwelt on hers, but the strain of the interview was beginning to count. She

sank down in the chair that Mrs. Stoddard had offered at the beginning of their meeting, and covered her eyes with one hand. The elder woman kept the other.

"We will not go to our task alone," she said, "we will ask God's help. The prayer of faith shall heal the sick." Then falling to her knees by Agatha's side, with rapt, lifted face and closed eyes, she made her confession and her petition to the Lord. Her ringing voice intoned the phrases of the Bible as if they had been music and bore the burden of her deepest soul. She said she had been sinful in imputing unrighteousness to others, and that she had been blinded by her own wilfulness. She prayed for the stranger within her gates, for the sick man over yonder, and implored God's blessing on the work of her hands; and praise should be to the Lord. Amen.

"And now, Angie," she said practically, as she rose to her feet, addressing the girl who instantly appeared from around the doorway, "go and tell Little Simon to drive up to the horse-block. Agatha, you go home and rest, and I'll get hitched up and be over there almost as soon as you are. Angie will help me get the icebag and all the other things, in case you might not have them handy. Come, Agatha!"

But they paused yet a moment, stopping as if by a common instinct to look at the white cross. Susan Stoddard gazed down on it with a grief in her eyes that was the more heartbreaking because it was inarticulate. Agatha remembered the doctor's words, and understood something of the friction that could exist between this evangelistic sister and the finer, more intellectual brother.

"I've never been inside the old red house since he died," said Mrs. Stoddard.

"I'm sorry!" cried Agatha. "It is hard for you to come there, I know."

"He maketh the rough places plain," chanted Susan Stoddard. "Hercules was a good brother and a good man!"

Agatha laid her arm about the older woman's shoulder, and thus was led out to Little Simon's buggy. Susan helped her in, and Agatha leaned back, with closed eyes, indifferent to the beauty of early afternoon on a cool summer's day. Little Simon let her ride in quiet, but landed her in the dust on the opposite side of the road from the lilac bushes.

"Those trees!" said Doctor Thayer's voice, as he came out to meet her. "How did you make out with Susan?"

"She's coming," said Agatha. "Is your patient any better?"

"I don't think he's any worse," answered the doctor dubiously, "but I'm glad Susan's coming. I'd be glad to know how you got round her."

Agatha paused a moment before replying, "I wrestled with her."

The doctor smiled grimly. "I've known the wrestling to come out the other way."

"I can believe that!" said Agatha.

"Well, it's fairly to your credit!" And perhaps this was as near praise as his New England speech ever came.

CHAPTER XV.

Echoes From the City.

Sallie Kingsbury, unused to psychological analysis, could not have explained why Mr. Hand was so objectionable to her. He was no relative of the family, she had discovered that; and, accustomed as she was to the old-fashioned gentility of a thrifty New England town, instinct told her that he could not possibly be one of its varied products. He might have come from anywhere; he talked so little that he was suspicious on that ground alone; and when he did speak, there was no accent at all that Sallie could lay hold of. Useful as he was just now in taking care of that poor young man up-stairs, he nevertheless inspired in that breast a most unwholesome irritation. Her attitude was that of a housemaid pursuing the cat with the broom.

Mr. Hand was not greatly troubled by Sallie's tendency to sweep him out of the way, but whenever he took any notice of her he was more than a match for her. On the afternoon following Agatha's visit to Mrs. Stoddard, he appeared to show some slight objection to being treated like the cat. He ate his luncheon in the kitchen—a large, delightful room—while Aleck Van Camp stayed with James. Hand was stirring broth over the stove, now and then giving a sharp eye to Sallie's preparation of her new mistress' luncheon.

"You haven't put any salt or pepper on mademoiselle's tray, Sallie," said he, as the maid was about to start upstairs.

"Miss Sallie, I should prefer, Mr. Hand," she requested in a mournful tone of resignation. "And Miss Redmond don't take any pepper on her ribs; I watched her yesterday."

"Pardon me, but that is unnecessary, Mademoiselle. If you will allow me to stay here, either taking care of Mr. Hambleton or in any outdoor work, for a week or as long as you may need me, I shall consider myself repaid."

Agatha was silent while she buttered a last bit of toast. Hand's reticence and evident secretiveness were baffling. She had no intention of letting the point of wages go by in the way Hand indicated, but after deliberation she dropped it for the moment, in order to take up another matter.

"I was wondering," she began again, "how you happened to escape from the Jeanne D'Arc alone in a rowboat, and what your connection with Monsieur Chatelard was. Will you tell me?"

A perfectly vacant look came into Hand's face. He might have been dead and dumb.

At last Agatha began again. "I am grateful, exceedingly grateful, Mr. Hand, for all that you have done for us since that catastrophe, but I can't have any mystery about people. That is absurd. Did you leave the Jeanne D'Arc when the others did—when I fell into the water?"

This time Hand consented to answer. "No, Mademoiselle; I did not know you had fallen into the water until I brought you ashore in the morning."

"Then how did you get off?"

"Well, it was rather queer. The men were all tired out working at the pumps, and Monsieur Chatelard ordered a seaman named Bazinet and me to relieve two of them. He said we would call us when the boats were lowered, as the yacht was then getting pretty shaky. Bazinet and I worked a long time; and when finally we got on deck, thinking the Jeanne D'Arc was nearly done for, the boats

were before breakfast and picked out winner the best set, and poured herself a cup. She said it was inspiring, but I call it wasteful—and me with extra work all day!"

Sallie disappeared, leaving a drizzling trail of good-natured complaint behind her. Mr. Hand continued making broth—at which he was as expert as he was at the lever or the launch engine. He strained and seasoned, and regarded two floating islands of oily substance with disapproval. While he was working Sallie joined him again at the stove, her important and injured manner all to the front.

The Stolen Singer

Continued from page 6

and put on, we heard some one shouting, and Bazinet got frightened and jumped for the boat. He thought they'd wait for him. It was too dark or me to see whether he made it or not. I stayed on the yacht for some time, not knowing anything better to do. Hand allowed himself a faint smile—"and at last, after a hunt, I found that extra boat, stowed away. It was very small, and it leaked; probably that was why they did not think of using it. But it was better than nothing. I found some putty and a tin bucket, and got food and a lot of other things, though the boat filled so fast that I had to throw most everything out. But I got ashore, as you know. I didn't even wait to see the last of the Jeanne D'Arc."

Agatha's eyes shone. Hand's story was perfectly simple and plausible. The other question was even more important. She hesitated before relating it, however, and rewarded Hand's unusual frankness with a grateful look.

"That was a night of experience for all," she said, with a little sigh at the memory of it.

"But tell me—" Agatha looked up squarely at Hand, only to encounter a deaf and dumb expression.

"If you will excuse me, Mademoiselle," said Hand deferentially, "I think Mr. Hambleton's broth is burning."

"Ah, well, very well!" said Agatha, and in spite of herself she smiled.

Hand found Mrs. Stoddard installed in James Hambleton's room. Doctor Thayer and Aleck had gone, both leaving word that they would return before night. Mrs. Stoddard had smoothed James' bed, folded down the sheet with exactness, noted her brother's directions for treatment, and at reading her Bible by the window. Hand stood for a moment, silent, regarding first the patient, then his nurse.

"By the grace of God, he will pull through, I firmly believe!" ejaculated Mrs. Stoddard.

As the first words came in that resonant deep voice, Hand thought that he nurse was swearing, though presently he changed his mind.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied with unvoiced meekness. Then, "I'll sleep in hour or two, if that is agreeable to you, ma'am."

"Perfectly!" heartily responded Mrs. Stoddard, and Mr. Hand disappeared like the mist before the sun.

It was to be an afternoon of excitement, after all, though Agatha thought that she would apply herself to the straightening out of much necessary business. But after an hour's work over letters at Parson Thayer's desk, there occurred an ebullition below which could be nothing less than the arrival of Lizzie, Agatha's maid, with sundry articles of luggage. She was a small-minded but efficient city girl, clever enough to keep her job by making herself useful, and sophisticated to the point of indecency. No woman ought ever to have known so much as Lizzie knew. Agatha was to hear how she had been relieved by the telegram several days before, how he had nearly killed herself packing in such haste, how she thought she was traveling to the ends of the earth, coming thus to a region she had never heard of before.

Big Simon, who had been instructed to watch for Lizzie and bring her and

her luggage out, presently arrived with the trunks, having sent the maid ahead in the buggy with his son. Big Simon positively declined to carry the two trunks to the second floor, saying he thought they'd like it just as well, or better, if he left them in the hall down-stairs. Lizzie was angrily hesitating whether to argue with him or use the persuasion of one of her mistress' silver coins, when Agatha interfered, and saved her from making the mistake of her life. It is doubtful if she could have lived in Ilion after having been guilty of tipping one of its foremost citizens. And even if she had, she would not have got the trunks taken upstairs.

The prospect of discarding Sallie Kingsbury's makeshifts and wearing a dress which belonged to her had more comfort in it than Agatha had ever believed possible; and the reality was even better. She made a toilet, for the first time in many days, with her accustomed accessories, dressed herself in a white gown, and felt better.

"Are these the relatives you were visiting, Miss Redmond?" inquired Lizzie, eaten up with curiosity, which was her mortal weakness.

Agatha paused, struck with the form of the maid's question; but, knowing her liking for items of news, she answered cautiously:

"Not relatives exactly. The Thayers were old friends of my mother."

Lizzie shook out a skirt and hung it in the wardrobe in the far corner of the room. She was bursting to know everything about Miss Redmond's sudden journey, but knew better than to appear anxious.

"The message at the hotel was so indefinite that I didn't know at all what I should do. After the excitement quieted down a little, I went out to visit my cousin Hattie, in the Bronx."

"What sort of excitement?"

"Oh, newspaper men, and the manager, and Herr Weimar, of the orchestra, and a lot of other people who came, wanting to see you immediately. They seemed to think I was hiding you somewhere."

Agatha smiled. She could imagine Lizzie in her new-fledged importance, talking to all those people.

"You spoke of a message—" ventured Agatha.

"Yes; the one you sent the day you left, Miss Redmond. The hotel clerk said you had suddenly left town on a visit to a sick relative."

"Oh, yes."

Lizzie's quick scent was already on the trail of a mystery, but Agatha was in no mood just then to give her any version of the events of that Monday afternoon.

"Was there any other message, Miss Redmond? Some word for me, which the clerk forgot to deliver?"

"No, nothing else."

"Mr. Straker came Tuesday morning with some contracts for you to sign. He said that you had an appointment with him, and he was necessarily crazy when he found you had gone away without leaving your address."

Agatha smiled more and more broadly, to Lizzie's disgust, but she could not help it. "I don't doubt he was disturbed. Did he come again?"

"Come again, Miss Redmond!" Lizzie hung a blue silk coat over its hanger, held it carefully up to the light, and turned toward her mistress with the mien of a person who isn't to be bamboozled. "He came twice every day to see if I had any word from you; and when I went to Cousin Hattie's he called me up on the phone every morning and evening. Most unreasonable, Mr. Straker was. He said there wasn't a singer in town he could get to fill your engagements, and he was losing a hundred dollars a day. He's very much put out, Miss Redmond."

"Well, I was, too," said Agatha, but somehow her tone failed to satisfy the maid. To Agatha the thought of the dictatorial manager fluttering about New York in quest of a vanished singer—well, the picture had its humorous side. It had its serious side, too, for Agatha, of course, but for the moment she put off thinking about that. Lizzie, however, had borne the brunt of Mr. Straker's vexation, and in that lumber-box she called her mind, she regarded the matter solely as her personal cue to come more prominently upon the stage.

"Then your accompanist came every morning, as you had directed, Miss Redmond; and Madame Florio sent word a dozen times about those new gowns." Lizzie, with the memory of her sudden importance, almost took up the role of baffled innocence. "I declare, Miss Redmond, I didn't know what to do or say to those people. The whole thing seemed so irregular, with you not leaving any word of explanation with me."

"That is true, Lizzie; it was irregular, and certainly very inconvenient. And it is serious enough, so far as breaking my engagements is concerned. But the circumstances were very unusual and—pressing. Some one else gave the message at the hotel, and, as you know, I had no time even to get a satchel."

"That's what I said when the reporters came—that you were so worried over your sick relative that you did not wait for anything."

Agatha groaned. "Did—did the persons have much to say about my leaving town?"

"They had columns, Miss Redmond, and some of them had your picture on the front page with an announcement of your elopement. But Mr. Straker contradicted that; he told them he had heard from you, and that you were at the bedside of a dying relative. Besides that, Miss Redmond, the difficulty in getting up an elopement story was the lack of a probable man.

Your manager and your accompanist

FARMER'S WIFE ALMOST AWRECK

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Her Own Story.

Westwood, Md.—"I am a farmer's wife and do most of my own work when I am able. I had nervous spells, female weakness and terrible bearing down pains every month. I also suffered much with my right side. The pain started in my back and extended around my right side, and the doctor told me it was organic inflammation. I was sick every three weeks and had to stay in bed from two to four days.

"It is with great pleasure I tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I have followed your directions as near as possible, and feel much better than I have felt for years. When I wrote you before I was almost a wreck. You can publish this letter if you like. It may help to strengthen the faith of some poor suffering woman."—Mrs. JOHN F. RICHARDS, Westwood, Maryland.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

were both round and interviewed, and there wasn't anybody else in New York except me who knew you. Your discretion, Miss Redmond, has always been remarkable."

Agatha was suddenly tired of Lizzie. "Very well, Lizzie, that will do. You may go and get your own things unpacked. We shan't return to New York for several days yet."

"You've heard from Mr. Straker, of course, Miss Redmond?"

"No, but I have written to him, explaining everything. Why?"

"Oh, nothing; only when I sent him word that I had heard from you, he said at first that he was coming here with me. Some business prevented him, but he must have telegraphed."

"Maybe he has; but it takes some time, evidently, for a hidden person to be discovered in Ilion."

As soon as the words were off her lips, Agatha realized that she had made a slip. One has to look sharp when talking to a sophisticated maid.

"But were you hiding, Miss Redmond?" Lizzie artlessly inquired.

"Oh, no, Lizzie; don't be silly. The telegram probably went wrong; telegrams often do."

"Not when Mr. Straker sends them," proffered Lizzie. "But if his telegrams have gone wrong, you may count on his coming down here himself. He is much worried over the rehearsals, which begin early in the month, he said. And he got the full directions you sent me for coming here; he would have them."

Agatha knew her manager's pertinacity when once on the track of an object. Moreover, the humor of the situation passed from her mind, leaving only a vivid impression of the trouble and worry which were sure to follow such a serious breaking up of well established plans. She was rarely capricious, even under vexation, but she yielded to a caprice at this moment, and one, moreover, that was very unjust toward her much-tried manager. The thought of that man bursting in upon her in the home that had been the fastidious Hercules Thayer's, in the midst of her anxiety and sorrow over James Hambleton, was intolerable.

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"Well, I was, too," said Agatha, but somehow her tone failed to satisfy the maid. To Agatha the thought of the dictatorial manager fluttering about New York in quest of a vanished singer—well, the picture had its humorous side. It had its serious side, too, for Agatha, of course, but for the moment she put off thinking about that. Lizzie, however, had borne the brunt of Mr. Straker's vexation, and in that lumber-box she called her mind, she regarded the matter solely as her personal cue to come more prominently upon the stage.

"Then your accompanist came every morning, as you had directed, Miss Redmond; and Madame Florio sent word a dozen times about those new gowns." Lizzie, with the memory of her sudden importance, almost took up the role of baffled innocence. "I declare, Miss Redmond, I didn't know what to do or say to those people. The whole thing seemed so irregular, with you not leaving any word of explanation with me."

"That is true, Lizzie; it was irregular, and certainly very inconvenient. And it is serious enough, so far as breaking my engagements is concerned. But the circumstances were very unusual and—pressing. Some one else gave the message at the hotel, and, as you know, I had no time even to get a satchel."

"That's what I said when the reporters came—that you were so worried over your sick relative that you did not wait for anything."

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Your manager and your accompanist

PAPER BAG COOKING

Great System Perfected by M. Soyer, Famous London Chef.

FOR VARIOUS MEATS.

By Martha McCulloch Williams. Every manner of meat, even the humblest, may be made tender and palatable by means of paper bag cooking, if only the cook knows how and is willing to take the pains. Even the humble pig's head and feet. An extreme example, you say! Try—and see if you incline to gainsay further.

Scrape the outer skin very clean, cut off the ears and nose of the head, scalding both head and feet well and removing all removable integument outside and in. The brains, of course, will have been removed. Break off any sharp projecting bones from either head or feet, blanch them by pouring boiling water upon them, taking out and dropping in very cold water, then drain and season lightly with salt. Lay in a large well-greased paper bag with a stalk or two of celery if at hand and a single slice of onion. The pepper and herbs come in later. Add half a pint to a pint of cold water, according to the bulk of the meat, seal bag tight, lay on trivet, set in hot oven for five minutes, then reduce heat two-thirds and cook for five or six hours. Take up, empty into a bowl, and as soon as it can possibly be handled, pick up, removing all bones. The gristle will have dissolved. Now add the seasoning—pepper, powdered herbs, especially sage, a bare dash of tarragon vinegar, and a bare suspicion of garlic. If there is much liquid, add either sifted cornmeal or bread crumbs, both browned in the oven. Pack smooth in an earthen mould and let get cold. There will be headcheese worth eating.

Nor is stuffed pork tenderloin, which is as full of relish as either goose or turkey, or even the lordly bacon or roast beef to be despised. Get large fat tenderloins, have them split, but the halves left together down the side, lay a good breadcrumb or mashed potato stuffing, highly seasoned with butter or drippings, pepper, sage, and onion, in the split, skewer the edges together over the stuffing, and cook in a well greased bag with a very little water until well done. This is especially economical, in that there is no bone to be thrown away.

Either a fresh ham or shoulder, boned, stuffed and cooked in a paper bag, will furnish a mighty satisfying dinner meat. The oven ought to be very hot and stay so for seven to ten minutes, depending on the size of the meat. Then slack heat one-half and cook until thoroughly done.

A square of rib-pork, the skin cut in checkers, well seasoned and baked in a paper bag with apples or sweet potatoes about it, will need no water, only a well greased bag. Spareribs can be paper bag baked if care is used in handling them to see that the rib-ends do not go through the paper. Loins, roast, cooked thus with either apples or potatoes, or white potatoes with a slice or two of onion, will make any hungry soul rejoice.

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Perfect capon is none so plenty in the markets, but if to be had is the best of all poultry. Get a big bird—eight to nine pounds. Stuff, but not too tight, putting a handful in the crop-space. Truss extra firmly, fastening thin slices of bacon over the breast and thighs underneath the trussing strings. Grease all the rest of the body liberally with soft butter, put a little butter under the bacon on the breast, then pop into a loose-fitting well greased paper bag, lay on a trivet, set on broiler in hot oven, let cook till bag corners turn very brown, then slack heat half, or even a little more if the heat is fierce, and cook for an hour and a half to an hour and three-quarters.

Choose your goose young and fat, even though you know the paper bag will make a tough bird tender. Singe, wash and drain the same as capon, and hanging in a cold place a day and night improves it. For the stuffing boil mild onions very tender, slicing them and letting them lie in salt water half an hour before cooking. A medium goose will take two to six onions, according to size, and two or four apples. Peel and slice them, cook soft with the onions, adding a very little chopped celery. Mash all together, then add to mashed potato enough to fill the goose, but not too full. Season with salt and pepper, also a tablespoonful of powdered sage and a tiny pinch of mixed herbs. Add a large spoonful of lard or butter, stir it well through the hot mass, let it cool a bit, then stuff the goose, which has been seasoned inside and out, truss very firmly, rub over well with lard, butter or drippings, put into a thickly-greased bag of generous size, add a tablespoonful of cold salt water, seal, and set in oven for ten minutes. Slack heat half and cook done, allowing twenty-two minutes to the pound. Serve with mashed turnips, baked squash, baked apples or apple sauce, hot corn bread and sweet cider.

Stuffed Tomatoes, Milanaise.—Cut freely the stem ends of six large tomatoes, scoop out the seed and part of the pulp, dust the insides well with pepper and salt and put a bit of butter in each. Fill with finely minced cold meat—beef, veal, lamb or chicken, mixed with minced raw bacon and seasoned lightly with salt and pepper. Sprinkle fried bread crumbs thickly over the top, put in a well-greased bag and cook in a quick oven ten to twelve minutes. Serve on a hot dish.

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A FARM CHEAP AND WHY IT IS CHEAP!

FIRST—Because it is a good farm, fertile land, lays well, slightly rolling, does not wash; nearly every acre is tillable; it has southern exposure; it will produce crops from two to four weeks earlier than land lying on northern hill side.

SECOND—It is in the garden spot of Breckinridge county; land on all sides sells from \$35 to \$40 an acre.

THIRD—It is near the railroad.

FOURTH—It grows wheat, corn, tobacco oats, cow peas clover, all kinds of grass.

FIFTH—It contains 300 acres and is cheap. It will produce in one year, if rightly farmed, nearly half its cost. Labor plentiful and cheap. Write

JNO. D. BABBAGE
Cloverport, Ky.
\$4,200 Price **\$4,200**

Buy Land and Make Money

Your easiest way to make money is to buy land in Breckinridge county. Western land has had its day. Old Kentucky is the ideal spot in all this country for climate, for good crops, for good living, for good people, and good, long life. Breckinridge county has better and cheaper facilities for reaching the markets—two railroads and the Ohio river. The people are prosperous and land is cheap. Now is your time to buy. Land has advanced from 25 to 50, per cent in the

Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder

We're told, but a good portrait of the absent one will keep the recollection more vivid--and comfort many a lonely hour of separation. We make a specialty of portraiture and my studio is exceptionally equipped for fine portrait work.

Brabandt, Photographer

Will be at Hardinsburg February 10, 11, 12, 1913

IRVINGTON NEWS.

Miss Emma Lou Moorman, of Glen Dean, has returned home after a visit to Mrs. R. A. Crider.

Ernest Hardaway, who represents the Standard Oil Co., was in our town Saturday.

Messrs. Wilbur and Harold Parks, who have been on the sick list, are able to be out.

We are sorry to learn of the illness of Mrs. J. R. Wimp, who is visiting her sons in California.

Mrs. Con Bland has returned to Carlisle, Ind., after a month's stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Lockard.

Postoffice Inspector W. A. Cueman visited our town Wednesday and reports the postoffice to be in excellent order, which speaks well for our postmaster and his assistant.

Miss Viola Lewis is home from Louisville.

Hollie Neafus leaves for Nashville Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Medford Howard, of Louisville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Pulliam.

Ed Morrison returned from Louisville Sunday night.

Mrs. C. L. Board entertained her Sunday-School class with a candy pulling Saturday afternoon.

Miss Elizabeth Hook, who has been very ill, was able to resume her studies Monday.

The Young People's Christian Society was entertained Friday evening by Miss Ellen Mumford. After the business session, pleasant games were indulged in and later followed by delightful refreshments.

We are glad to learn of the convalescence of Mrs. Geo. Oller.

Mrs. C. L. Chamberlain's Sewing Circle met with her Saturday afternoon. The little folks are learning rapidly, and are always delighted with the dainties she serves.

Harry Conniff and P. D. Galloway spent Monday in the city.

Hubert Lyons is home for a few days. We are always glad to welcome him in our midst.

J. T. Atkins, of Patesville, is here visiting his sons, A. D. and E. A. Atkins.

Miss May Watlington has gone to Hardinsburg to spend the week end with her parents.

Miss Eliza Piggott, who is attending school in Louisville, came home to spend Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Lula Severs was in town Saturday. Her music pupils were delighted to have her with them again.

Miss Lottie Bandy has accepted a position with the First State Bank.

The day of harsh physics is gone. People want mild, easy laxatives. Doan's Regulates have satisfied thousands. 25¢ at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

Come One! Come all!

let me look
after your....

Insurance

No line too big

No line too small

Represent the oldest line of Fire, Life and Accident Insurance of any companies in the United States. All been tried and gave perfect satisfaction.

L. C. TAUL, Agent
Cloverport, Ky.

CASE AFTER CASE

Plenty More Like This in Cloverport.

Scores of Cloverport people can tell you about Doan's Kidney Pills. Many a happy citizen makes a public statement of his experience. Here is a case of it. What better proof of merit can be had than such endorsement?

L. V. Chapin, Cloverport, Ky., says: "I have used one box of Doan's Kidney Pills and they did me a great deal of good. Last summer I was in bad shape with kidney trouble and seeing Doan's Kidney Pills recommended, I went to Fisher's Drug Store and got a box. In a short time I was cured and I have had no need of a kidney medicine since."

If your back aches—if your kidneys bother you, don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mr. Chapin had—the remedy backed by home testimony. 50¢ at all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

BEWLEYVILLE

Robt. Carman and wife were called to Vine Grove Friday to be with her sister, Miss Addie Vertrees, who was quite ill. Miss Vertrees died Sunday night.

Hon. Chas. Blanford went to Lewisport Monday for a few days' visit to relatives.

Mrs. Mel Bennett has returned home after several weeks visit to her sister, Mrs. Mose Bennett, of High Plains.

Bewleyville Public School, taught by Henry Barr, closed Tuesday.

Roy and Edith Payne lost their 3½ month old boy, Rob Roy, Friday, 24th. The little treasure was buried at Hill Grove church Saturday.

Mrs. Jno. Compton and Miss Betsey Stith, we are glad to report, are better.

Attorney Ray, of McDermott & Ray, and Stereographer J. E. Longstreet, of Louisville, were at Col. Z. T. Stith's Saturday for the purpose of taking Miss Ada Stith's deposition in damage suit filed by Miss Celia Laven, of City Plaintiff V. S., Louisville City Rail-way Co. Defendant.

Ike Carter and wife, of Custer, visited Mrs. Rosa Carter last week.

Eczema spreads rapidly; itching almost drives you mad. For quick relief, Doan's Ointment is well recommended. 50¢ at all stores.—Advertisement.

HARNED

Farmers are busy delivering tobacco. Miss Ida Mahr was in our town last week calling on friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Payne, who have been confined to their room on account of lagrime, are able to be out again. Mrs. S. M. Henninger spent a few days in Louisville last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Tucker were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Payne Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Knott were guests of Mastian Basham and family Tuesday.

Those who took the graduation examination from this place Friday and Saturday were Misses Holmes, May Pile, Ada Gray, Nancy Bruington; Leelan and Hobert Butler.

James Moorman spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. O. R. Payne.

Crof. Beauchamp has sold his farm near here, to his sons, Don and Verner Beauchamp, they will take possession at once. Mr. Beauchamp will move 1½ miles east of Hardinsburg on the Brandenburg road.

Miss Isabelle Moorman, who is attending school at Hardinsburg, spent Saturday and Sunday with her mother, Mrs. E. V. Moorman.

Geo. Payne was in Hardinsburg Friday on business.

Homer Alexander was in Garfield Saturday delivering tobacco.

Flora M., the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Alexander, was seen

very burned Saturday by falling into a kettle of boiling water. Dr. J. E. Kincheloe was called at once, and reports today that she was resting well.

Miss Neil Cashman was in Hardinsburg Friday and Saturday.

Misses Patie May and Lillian Tucker spent Saturday and Sunday with their aunt, Mrs. Jas. Knott.

Mr. Colard, of Kirk, was in our town Tuesday.

Mrs. P. R. Payne was in Hardinsburg last week having dental work done.

Mrs. Stilwell is with her daughter, Mrs. Mastian Basham, for a few days.

The Woman's Missionary Society met with Mrs. W. O. Butler last Wednesday. There were many interesting talks given by the society. Let every one attend these meetings each month.

Women love a clear, rosy complexion. Burdock Blood Bitters is splendid for purifying the blood, clearing the skin, restoring sound digestion. All druggists sell it. Price, \$1.00.—Advertisement.

LODIBURG.

Mrs. Minnie Downs, of Jeffersonville, Ind., who has been visiting her brother, Tab Simmons, of Webster, returned home last Friday.

Mrs. William Vessels, of Rhodelia, is the guest of friends in Louisville.

Lonnie Keys and Miss Mattie Knott were the guests of Miss Ruth Wagner, of Union Star, last Sunday.

Julius Dutschke, of Holt, visited Mrs. Ditta Nottingham last Sunday.

Chas. Barr, of Rhodelia, was in Owensboro last week.

Austin O'Bryan, of Rhodelia, was the guest of Ed Chruse last Saturday and Sunday.

Al Miller, of Cloverport, was the guest of Chas. Macy last Saturday and Sunday.

Chas. Utley, of Meade county, visited D. E. Deacon last week.

Miss Fannie Swink, of Webster, was the guest of friends at Mystic last Saturday and Sunday.

John Biddle, of Frymire, was in Hardinsburg Monday.

Earl Basham, of near Union Star, sold his farm to Orval Morgan. Consideration \$500.

Henry N. Basham, of Curdsville, was in this neighborhood last week doing dental work.

Notice

That resolutions of respect are published at 5¢ cents per line. Please do not send obituaries to the News without expecting to pay for the publication of this kind of matter.

STEPHENSPORT.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Miller left Monday for Louisville where they will spend the remainder of the winter with Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Ferry.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dieckman, of Mystic, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Lewis last week.

Gus Dutschke and family went to Holt Sunday to visit his parents.

Little Sallie Bell is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McAfee and son, Gilbert, spent Sunday in Union Star the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Jolly.

The social given Friday night by Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kissam in honor of their guests, was very much enjoyed by the large crowd present.

Mrs. Sallie Bennett is on the sick list.

BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Thompson and Hart strains.

Premium at the "Great Armory Show, Louisville, Ky., 1912" Young stock, both sexes, at reasonable prices. Eggs in season from show pen, also excellent well culled range stock.

Write your wants. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Mrs. B. W. Carter
IRVINGTON, KY.

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Besides giving the public the most reliable market reports as well as general news, The Herald's special features makes it pre-eminent among Louisville newspapers. Special attention is called to Herbert Quick's masterful articles which are now running serially in the Herald entitled--

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

A Normal School

Will be open at Stephensport, Ky.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1913

TUITION:

County Certificate Course - - - - - \$3.00

State Certificate Course - - - - - 4.00

Good table board may be had for \$3.00 to \$3.50 per week.

For particulars call on or address

H. A. ATER, Stephensport, Ky.

NEW BETHEL.

The New Bethel school closed Jan. 24, after a very successful term taught by Miss Abby Whittinghill, of Fordsville. The pupils and patrons enjoyed quite a nice treat to candy and apples.

The patrons expressed themselves as being well pleased with Miss Abby and a teacher and would welcome her back for another term. Miss Whittinghill left Hardinsburg on the evening train for her home at Fordsville.

Prayer meeting at New Bethel every Sunday night is being well attended.

James Waggoner, of Hites Run, was the guest of Harry Seaton Friday.

\$3.50 Louisville, Evening Post
and Breckenridge News
one year \$3.50.